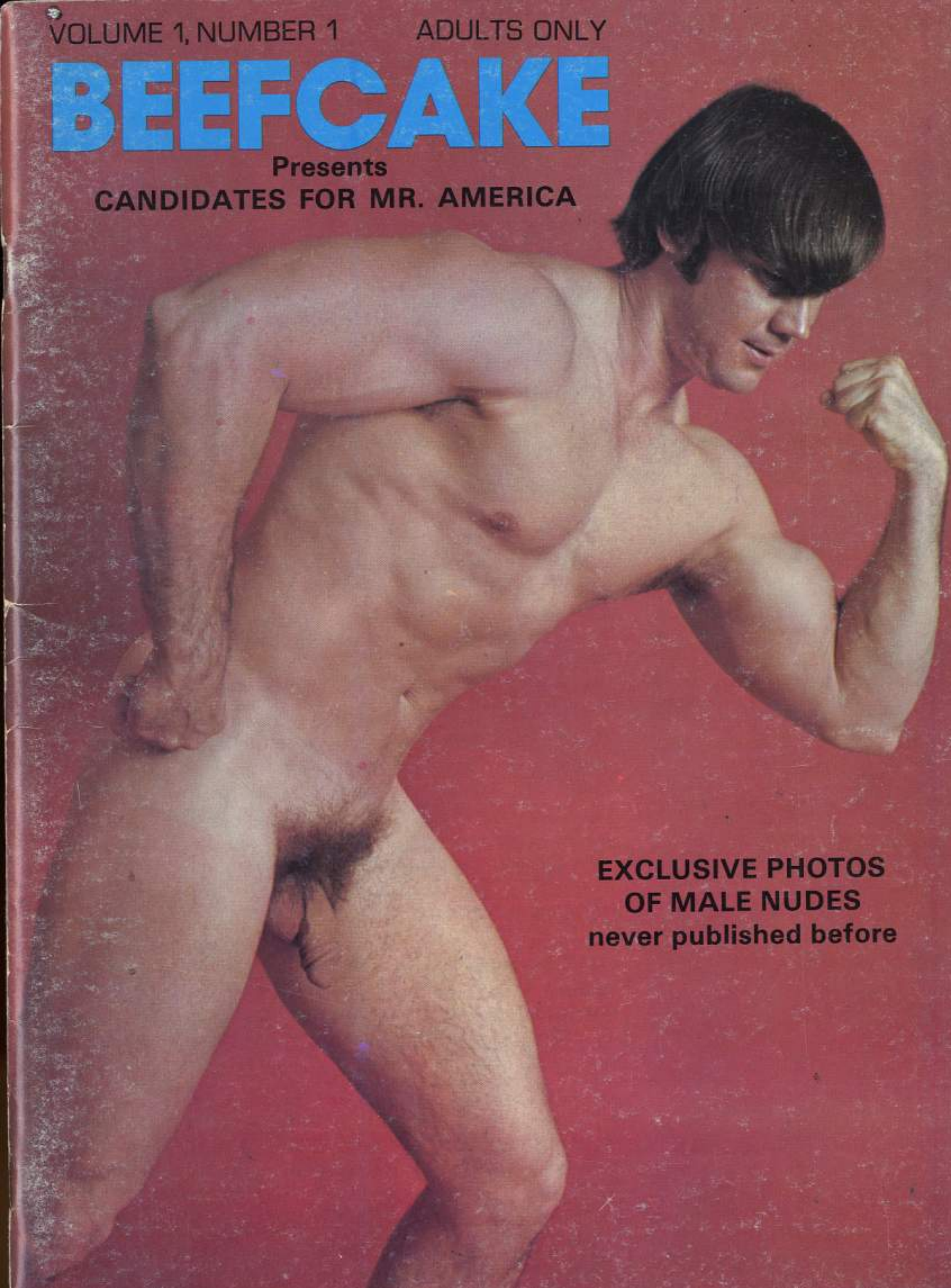
VOLUME 1, NUMBER 1 ADULTS ONLY

BEEFCAKE

Presents

CANDIDATES FOR MR. AMERICA



EXCLUSIVE PHOTOS OF MALE NUDES never published before

VOLUME 1 - NUMBER 1 AUTUMN 1974

BEEFCAKE

CANDIDATE FOR MR. AMERICA

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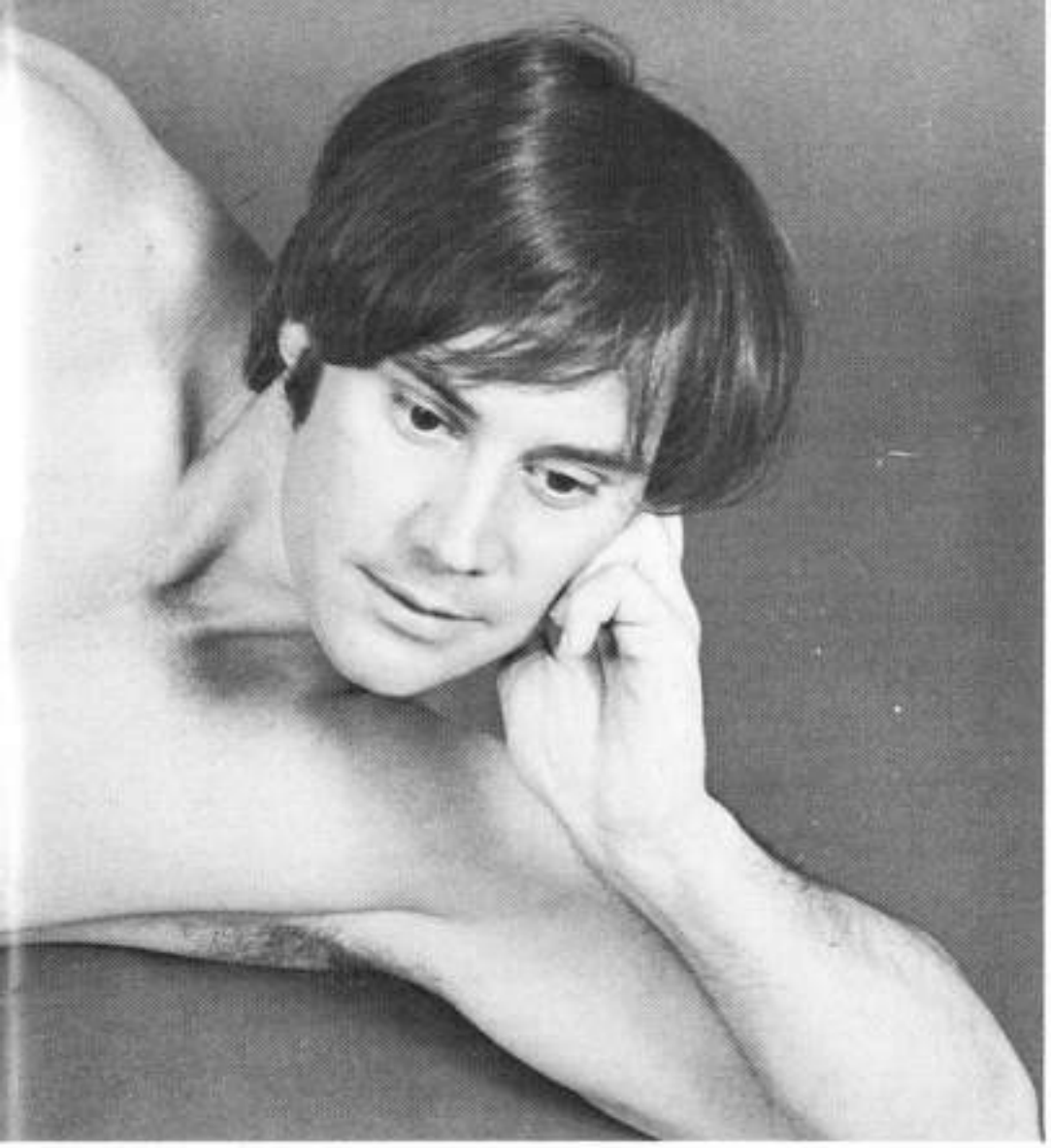
EDITORIAL

While many other magazines devoted to the physique art have had to resort to a nostalgia theme to fill out their pages with photos of physique stars of the past, the editors of *Beefcake* have been busy scouting out new faces to present to its readers.

Bodybuilding is not the popular sport it once was, and young, well-developed and handsome young men are not as easy to find as they once were. But we are determined to find only the best of the new breed of muscle men—those who think of their muscular development as only a part of their overall lives.

Each of the men represented on these pages obviously have great bodies—or else they wouldn't be there. But they all have something more than just muscles. Whether it is musical talent, a determination to develop mind as well as body, or an active interest in nature and ecology, Paul, Mike and David—our three featured models—all recognize the fact that a well rounded person needs more than well rounded muscles. And they all actively pursue interests that challenge their minds and souls, while still finding time to pursue their goals of perfect bodies.

We think you'll agree that all three of these



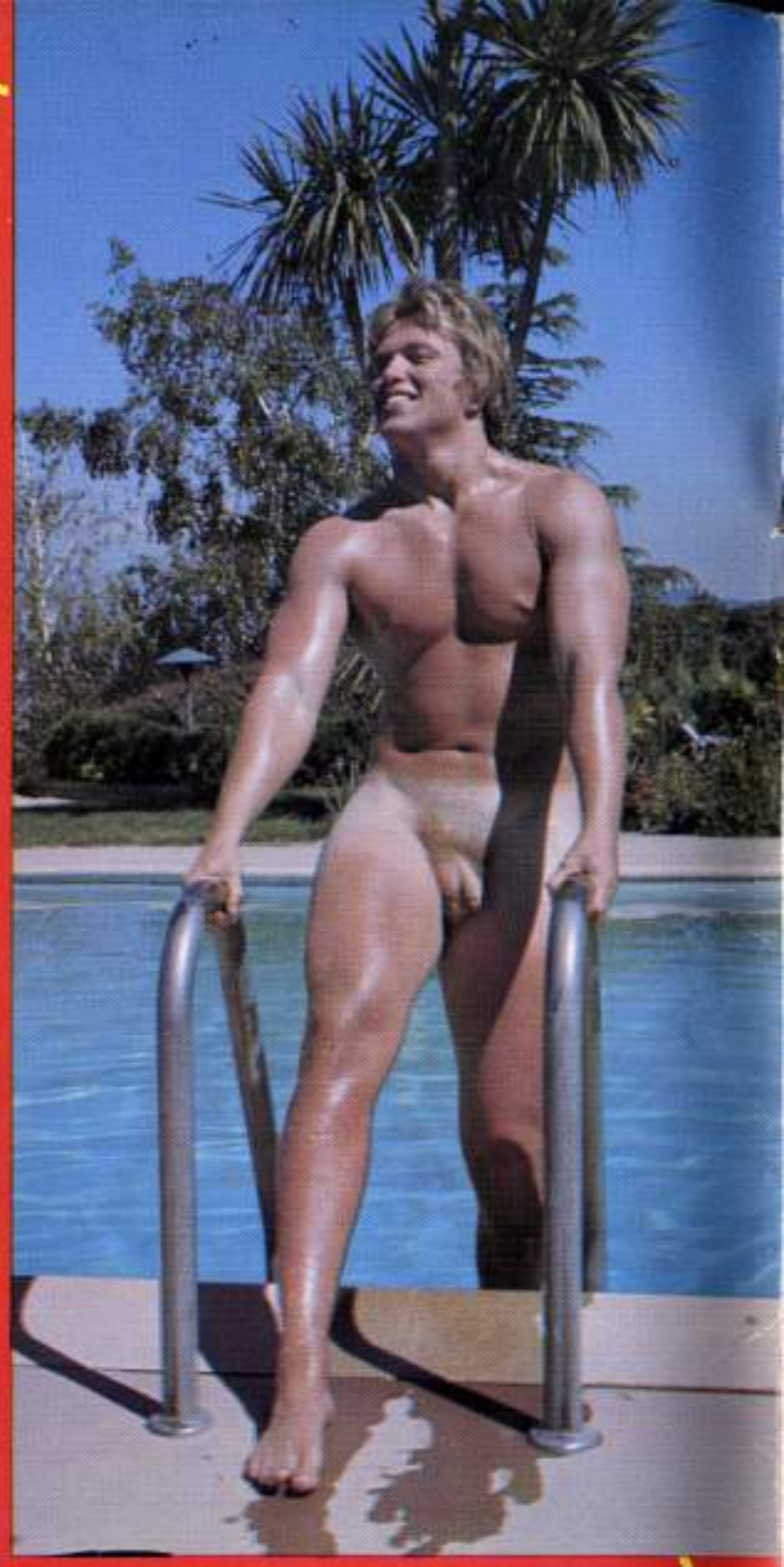
young men have taken great strides toward achieving their goals and will join us in applauding their efforts.

A sound mind in a sound body has been a creed for us all to live for. These three, fine young men have made it their life's pursuit and we can't help but admire them for their efforts and the results amply shown in the following pages.

Beefcake has spared no expense to bring these fine models into your hands. We hope to be back soon with more specimens of fine, young manhood for your inspection and appreciation. Even as you read this editorial, our physique scouts and photographers are out combing the gyms and beaches of the United States, searching for new, previously unseen faces to present in future issues.

Your response to this first issue will determine how frequently *Beefcake* appears. If response is great enough, we may be back in your favorite bookstore on a monthly basis. It's up to you.

But we pledge that we will never present a tired face in the name of nostalgia. We are totally dedicated to bringing new bodies and faces to the attention of the world. ●



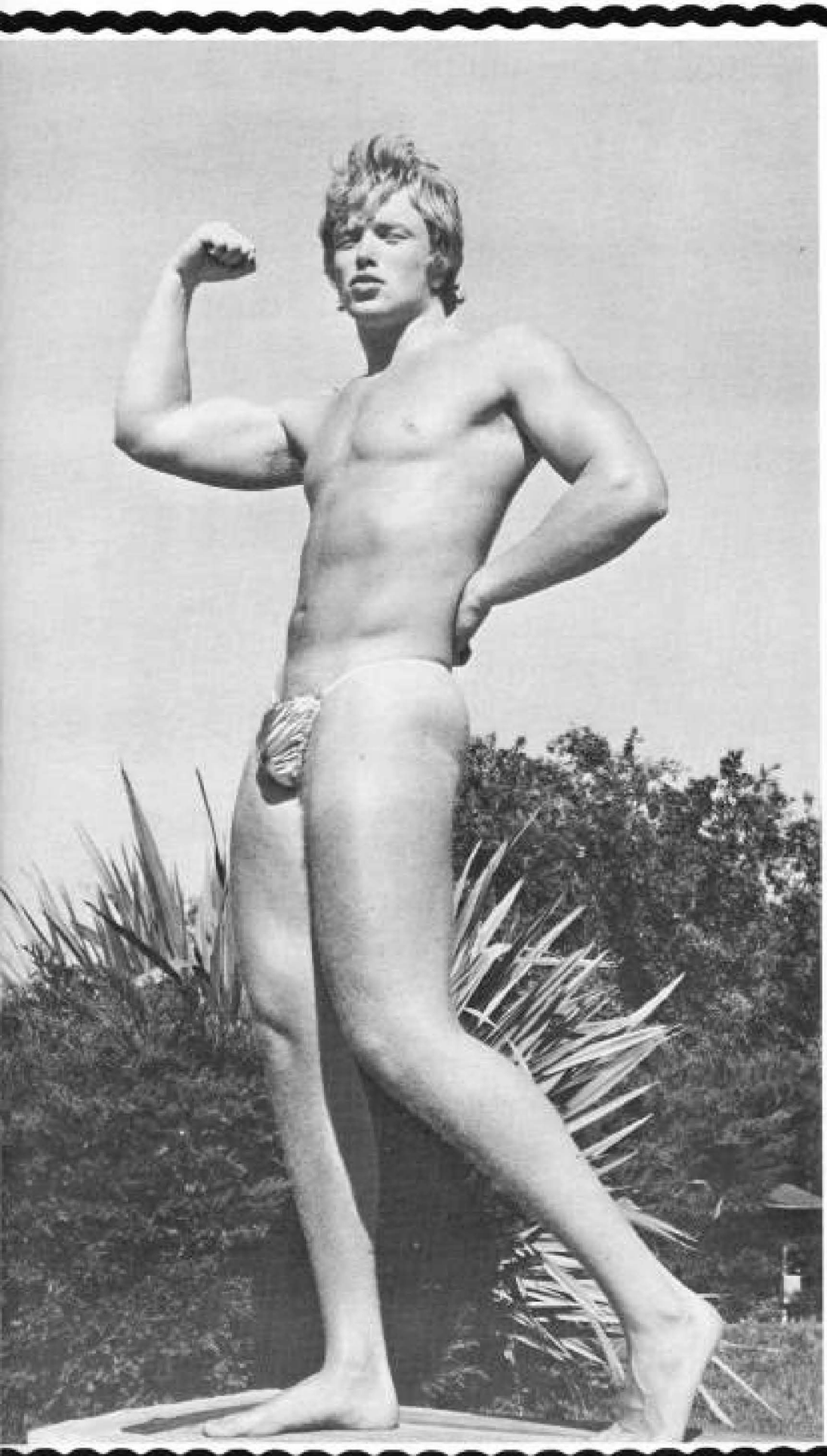
DAVID

A newcomer to the United States, where he is an exchange student at a California university, David has been a competition body builder in his native Norway for several years and was a competitor in the Mr. Universe contest in 1973.

Reflecting the European taste for heavier muscle development than is popular in the U.S., David is nonetheless a beautiful specimen of manhood. And he possesses a quiet charm and sophistication that belies his nineteen years.

To help support himself while pursuing his studies, David works weekends as a bouncer at one of Los Angeles' most popular rock clubs. When he presents his solidly packed, six foot three frame, encased in a tight T-shirt to recalcitrant customers, anger seems to dissipate and fights break up, just because of his imposing physical presence. After several months employment, David reports that he has never yet had to raise his voice or a fist in dealing with the club's customers.

David is currently working to slim his body down to the proportions favored by American bodybuilders. Three weeks after these photographs were taken, he had lost over 30 pounds, with a 50 pound loss his goal. When he walks down the beach these days, heads turn, low whistles are heard from the men and the women and a slight smile crosses David's face. Only he knows how difficult it has been to attain his present appearance.



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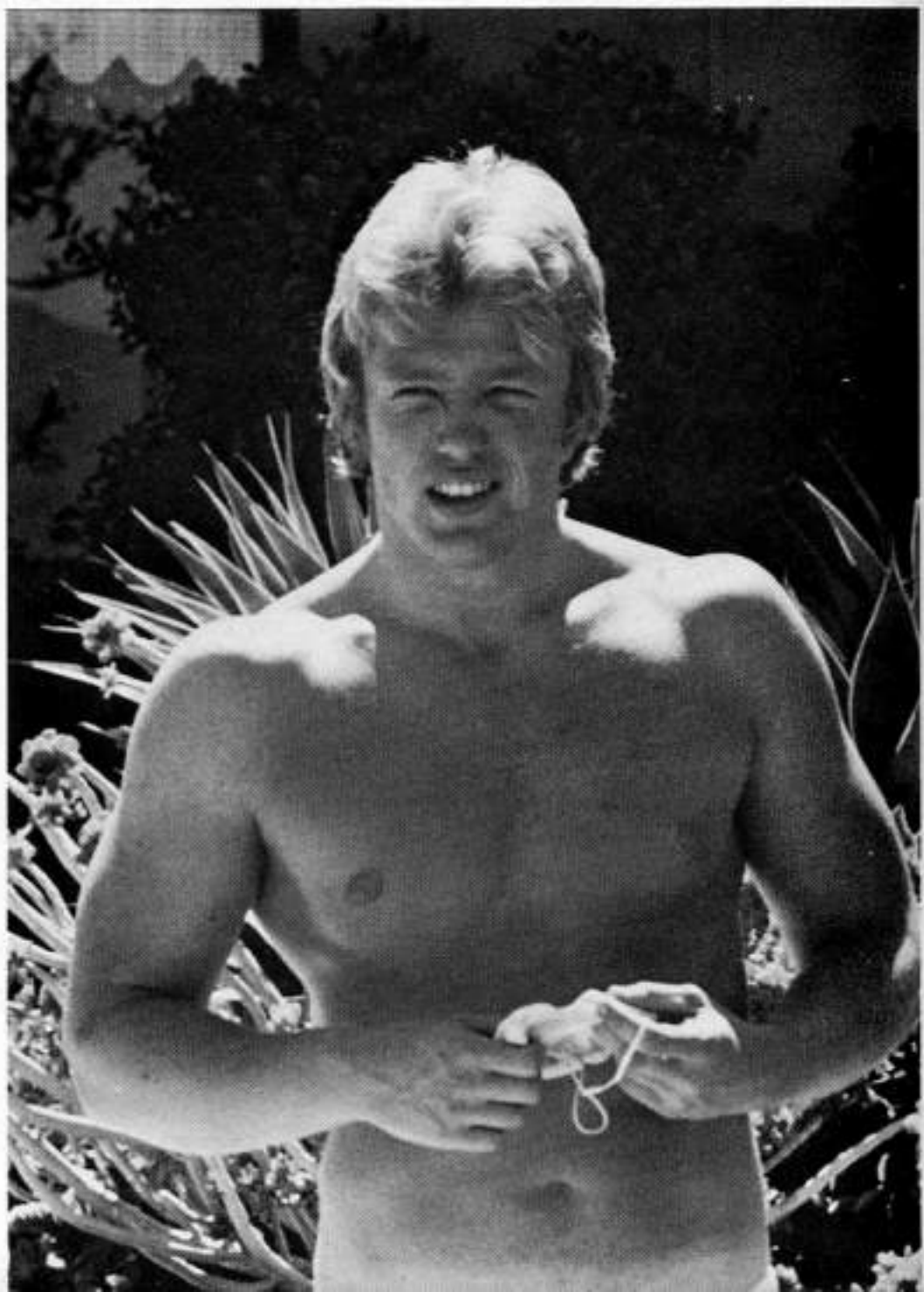
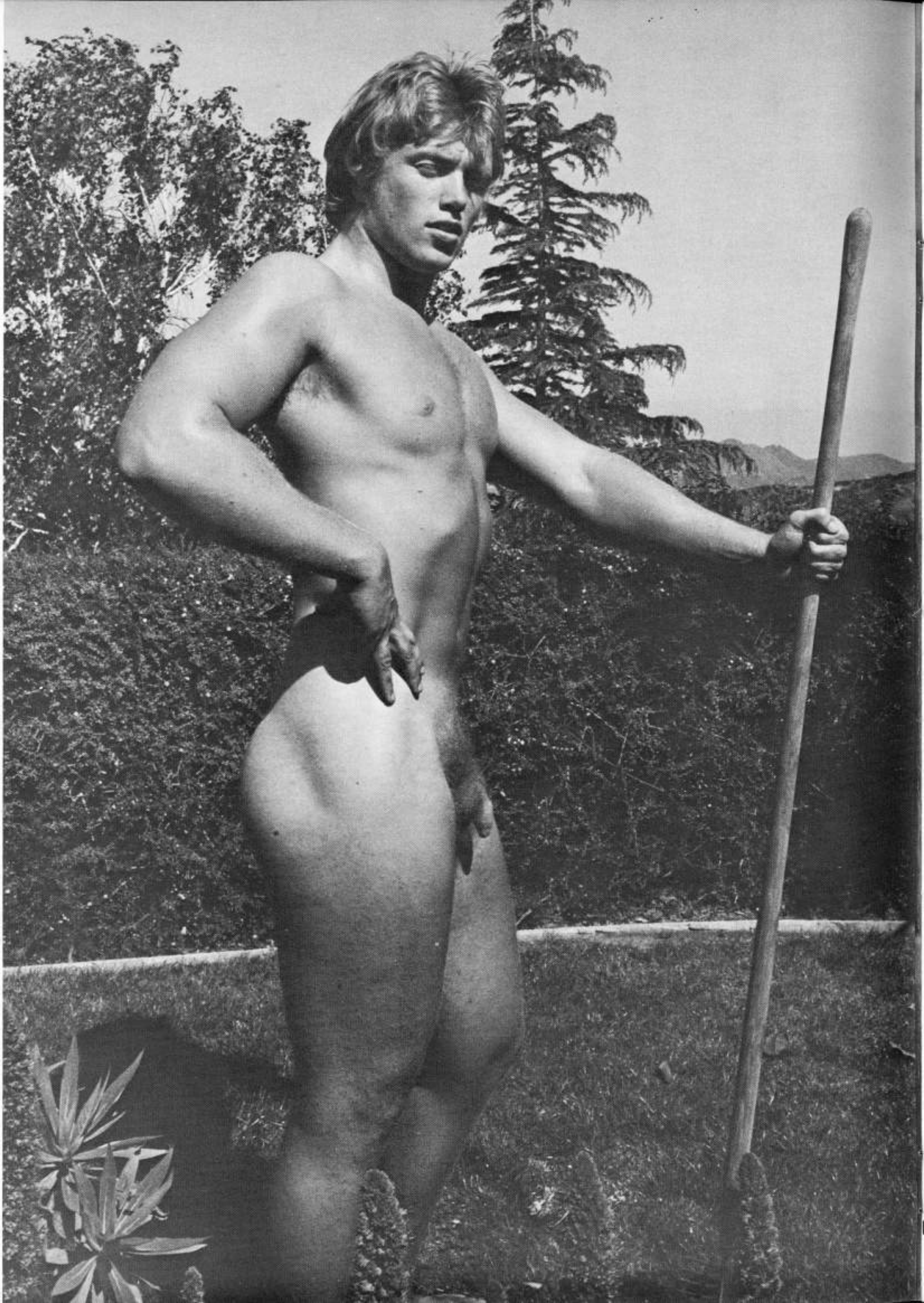




FRIENDLY PERSUASION

Dan was a closet case. He had been ever since he'd gotten to New York City. That was two years ago.

He knew he was intrigued by sex with men and boys, but he didn't have the guts to do anything about it. Most of his problem stemmed from something that had happened when he was still in high school, back in his home town.

He had a buddy then, Ralph, who was quarterback on the high school team. Dan was on the team, too, but he wasn't anywhere near being a star.

In their next-to-last game of the season, the team traveled a hundred and fifty miles to play their arch state rivals. It was the biggest event of the year for both schools. That's when Ralph got into trouble—the night before the big game.

Dan had always enjoyed looking at Ralph, whether it was in the shower or in the locker room. Ralph had a great looking body and a cock that never quit. In fact, Dan liked looking at his buddy so much that he had to be careful that his own sizable cock didn't get hard and give him away.

The night before the big game, Ralph was caught. And what he was caught doing was the biggest scandal ever to hit the school. The coach paid a surprise visit to Ralph's room that night, not trying to catch him at anything, but only because he'd thought up a new play and wanted to discuss it.

When he walked into Ralph's room without knocking, he saw the boy's ass bobbing up and down on the bed. He couldn't make out much more. It was too dark. Immediately he got angry, thinking that Ralph was fucking around with some chick the night before the big game—something he had strictly forbidden. But then the coach got one of the biggest surprises of his life. He lit the overhead light and from the bed two *male* heads turned toward him. One was Ralph's. He was doing the fucking. And the other belonged to

the kid who was manager of the team, a short, well-built sophomore. He was the one being fucked, and obviously both of them were enjoying what they were doing.

The team lost, mainly because Ralph had been thrown off the team. The coach, to Dan's knowledge, never said anything about his reasons, but of course the story got around. Ralph was queer. He never lived it down. He left the town even before graduating. Dan had never heard anything of him again.

So with the thought of what being known as a queer could do to a guy, Dan moved to New York City. He found a reasonably inexpensive apartment and got settled. And that's when *his* problem started. There were so damned many guys around who obviously were available for sex that Dan was constantly in a state of agitation. He wanted more than anything to get some good looking stud in bed, but he just couldn't bring himself to do it. He jacked off all the time.

And then one day a guy moved into the apartment across the hall. He wasn't subtle. He'd do things like leave his door open when Dan was scheduled to leave for work. Dan would walk by the door, unable not to look inside, And the guy—whose name was Phil—would be walking around stark naked, his cock hard as a rock and waving in the breeze. Dan would get out of the hallway as fast as he could.

This type of teasing went on for about six months, to the point that Dan was seriously considering moving. Once Phil even left his door open when he was having sex with another guy. Dan glanced in and there was Phil, on his back, his legs high up on his partner's shoulders, taking cock up the ass. Dan immediately went to his own apartment, stripped down and started jacking off. Thoughts of that ass being fucked were running constantly through his head.

And then, on the Saturday following the ass-fucking bit, Dan came home late and he was stinking drunk. He could barely manage to make it to his door, much less get the key in the lock. Phil came out to help, naked as usual.

Instead of helping with the key, Phil came up with a suggestion. "Why don't you give in?" he asked. "And let me suck your cock."

Dan was tempted. Oh, shit, he was tempted. But he just couldn't do it. He said no.

"Okay, then," Phil said. "How about watching some night when I have a trick? I know this guy who really digs being watched. You don't have to do a thing. Just sit there and stare."

Dan didn't say yes, but he didn't say no. When a couple of nights later, Phil came over and asked if tonight was the night, Dan steeled himself with a couple of drinks and headed to Phil's apartment.

The third guy was there already, but dressed. His name was Stan. The two of them—Dan and Stan—didn't even shake hands. Dan went to a chair across the room to watch and Stan got busy.

Dan stared as Phil started to undress both himself and his friend. He watched as they sat next to each other on the couch and kissed and petted. He watched as Phil lowered his head and took Stan's hard cock in his

mouth. It was at that point that Dan involuntarily lowered his hand to his own cock, feeling it through the material of his pants. Then he opened his fly and pulled it out. It was aching so hard he had to jack it.

What turned Dan on most about Stan was the fact that the guy was so nonchalant about the whole thing. And he was masculine. He even kept his socks on. And the fact that Stan had a Marine Corps tattoo on his arm didn't hurt anything either. Dan was really turned on, and as he sat there watching Stan pound his prick into Phil's ass, he was wishing that he was on the couch himself, taking and giving cock. He knew then that he had to give in to his urges or else he'd go nuts.

The session ended with Stan shooting his load up Phil's ass. Dan, at just about the same second, jacked himself off to an orgasm. He splattered come all over himself, the floor and the chair. But he felt better.

The next morning he was awakened by a loud knock on the door. He struggled sleepily to answer it. Standing outside was Stan. "I want to come in," he said, "and I want to suck your cock, and have you suck mine. And I want to fuck your ass and have you fuck mine. That okay with you?"

Dan tried to clear his head and come up with an explanation of why he couldn't, but he was too slow. Stan bulldozed his way into the room and grabbed hold of Dan.

"Let it happen," Stan said. "Just let it happen." Then Stan slipped to his knees and enveloped Dan's cock with his mouth. Dan hasn't been the same since.

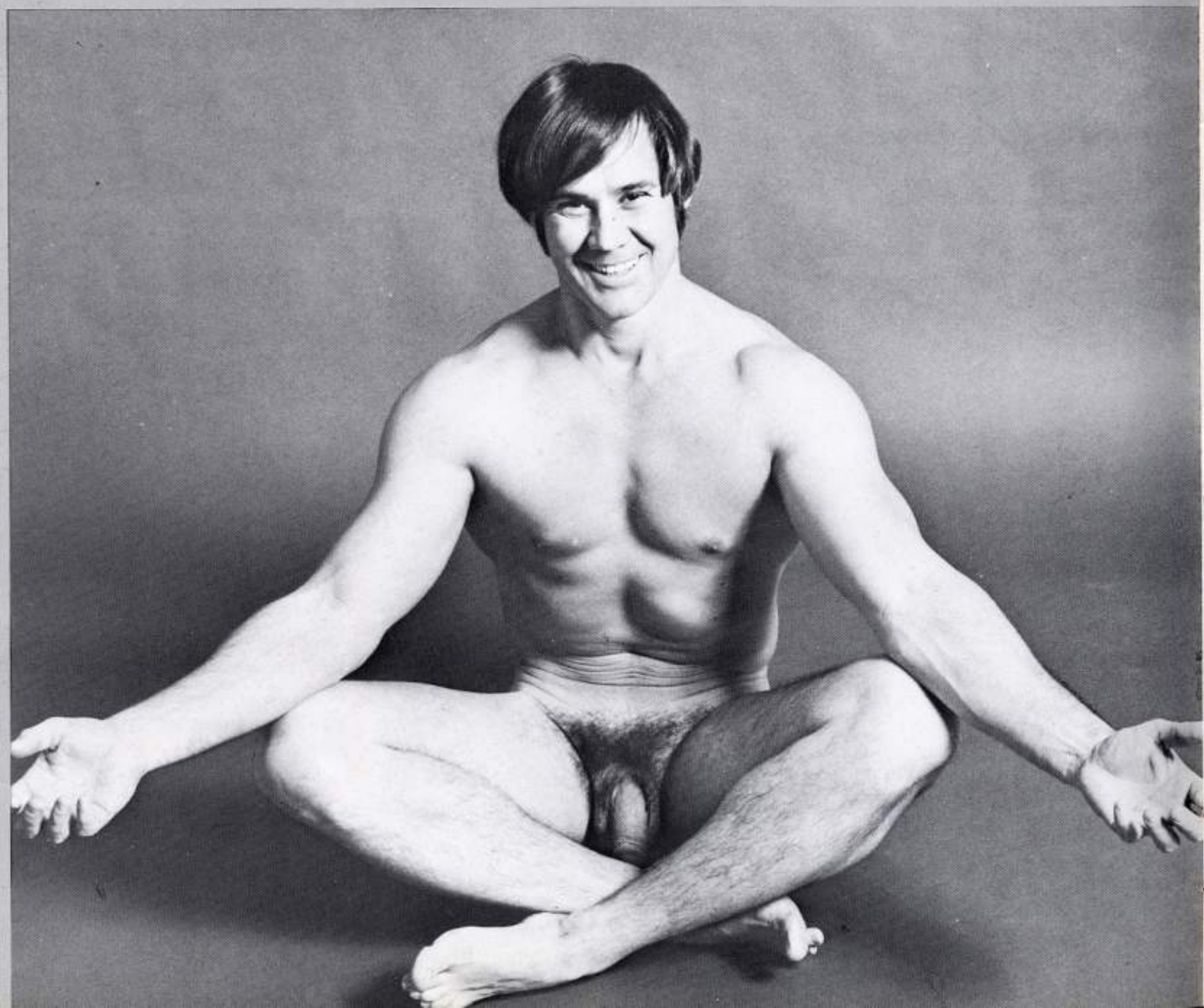
PAUL

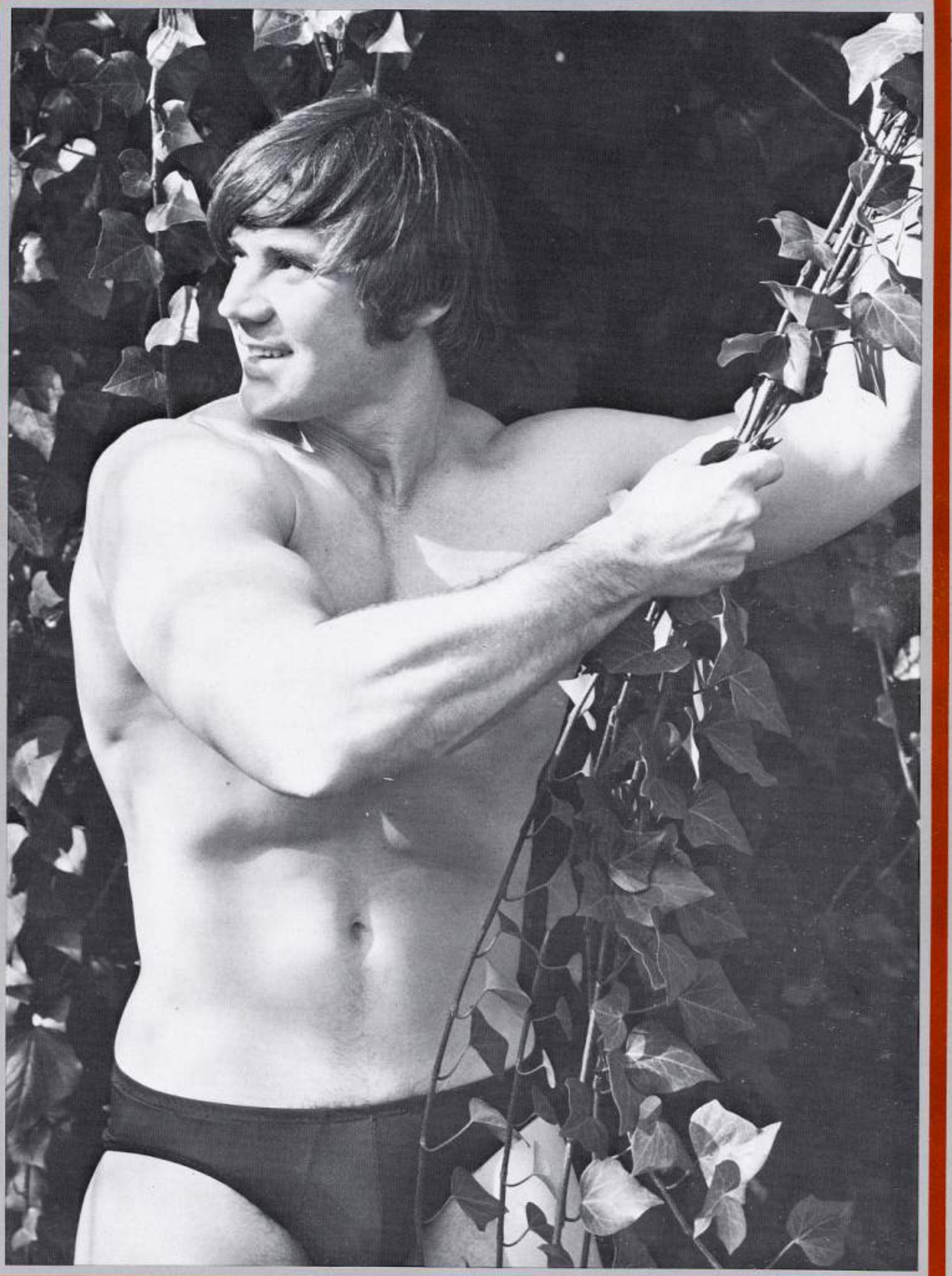
Los Angeles is home for Paul, who spends his time away from the gym giving what are reputed to be the best massages in town!

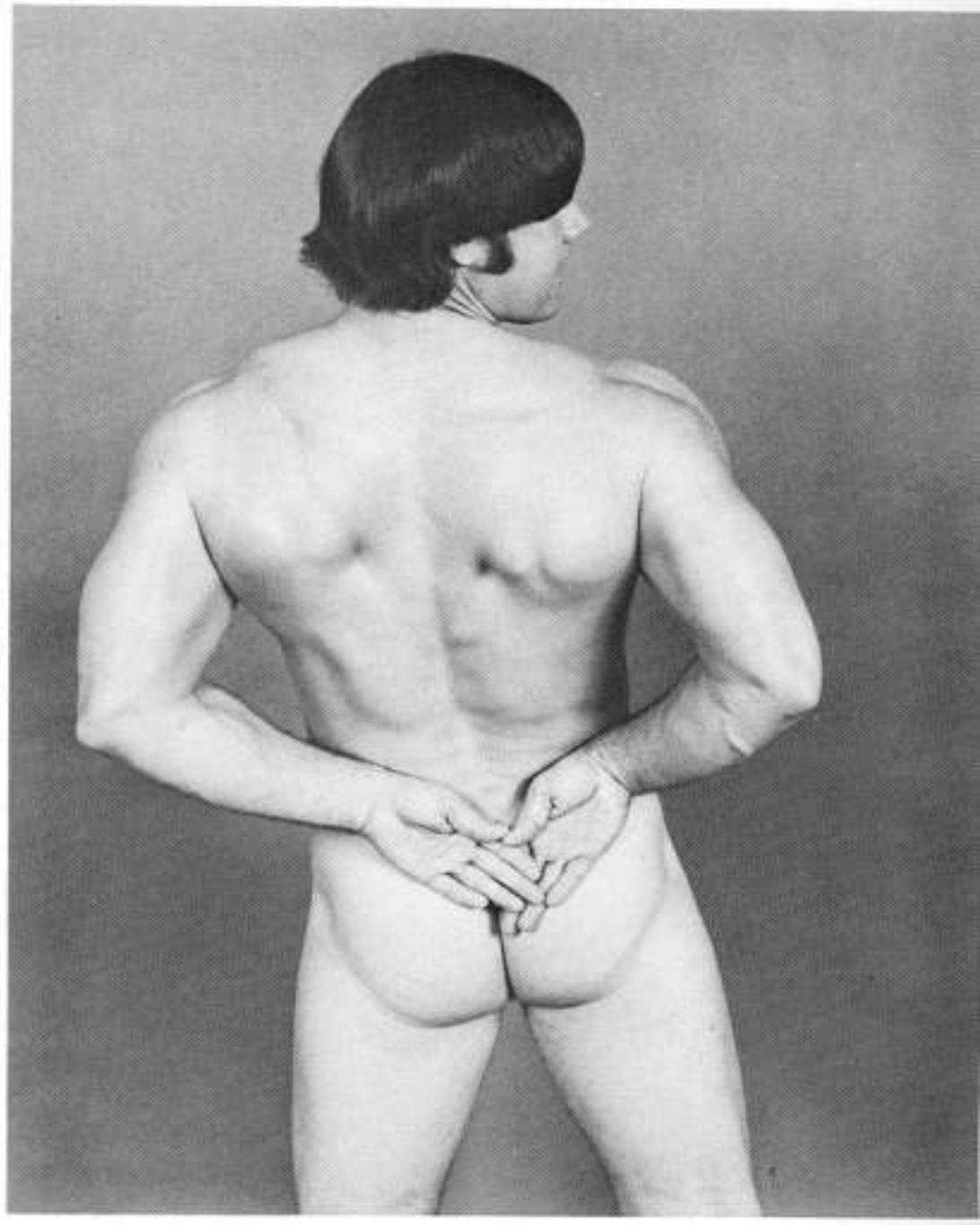
Paul began developing his body as a teenager and now at the ripe old age of twenty-three he is modestly proud of his achievement. Wouldn't we all be proud to possess a face and body like his?

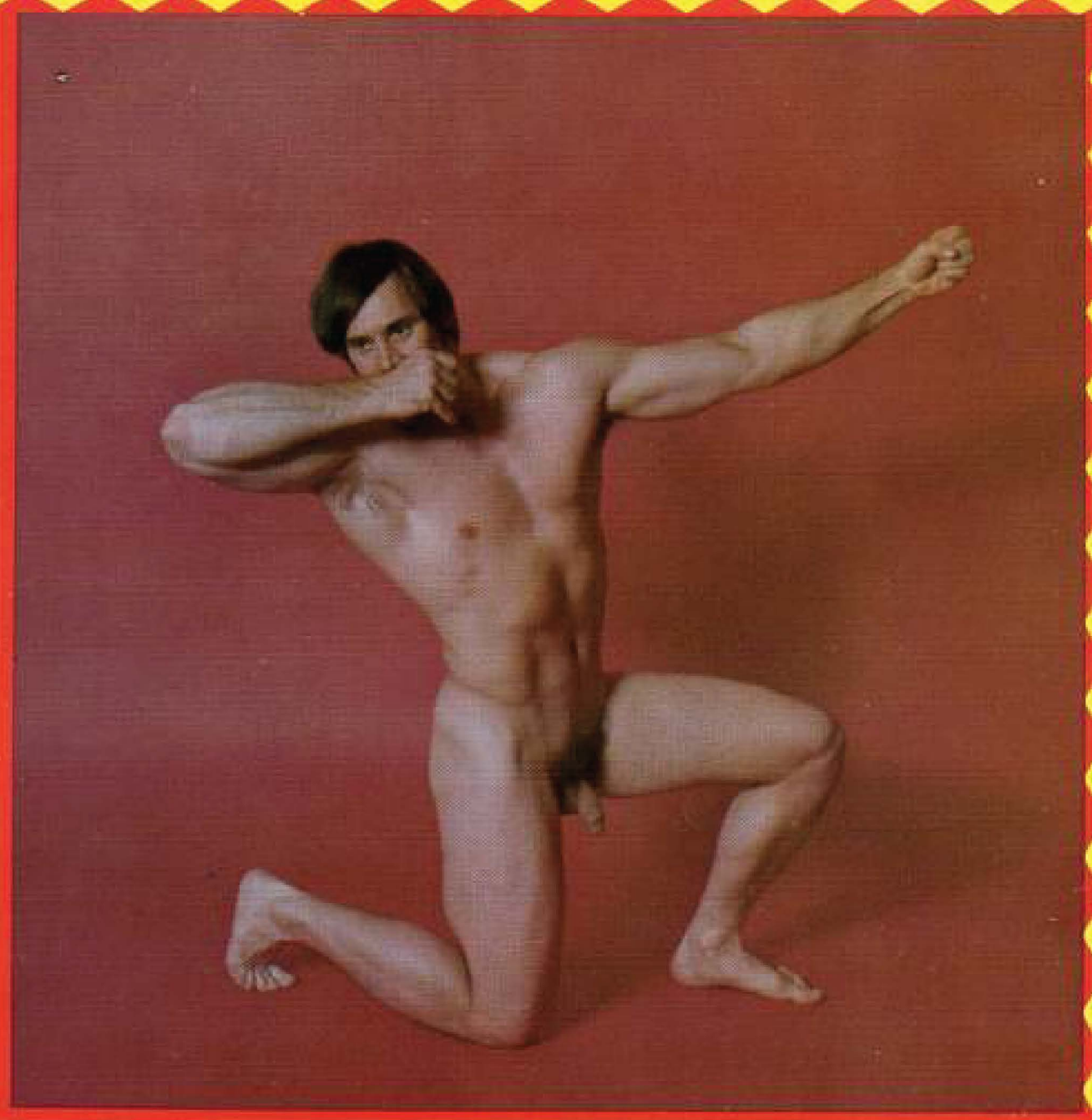
Paul believes in developing physiques along natural lines, accenting what nature provides instead of obscuring it. He spends an average of three hours a day, three days a week maintaining his body with a variety of weight-lifting and movement exercises.

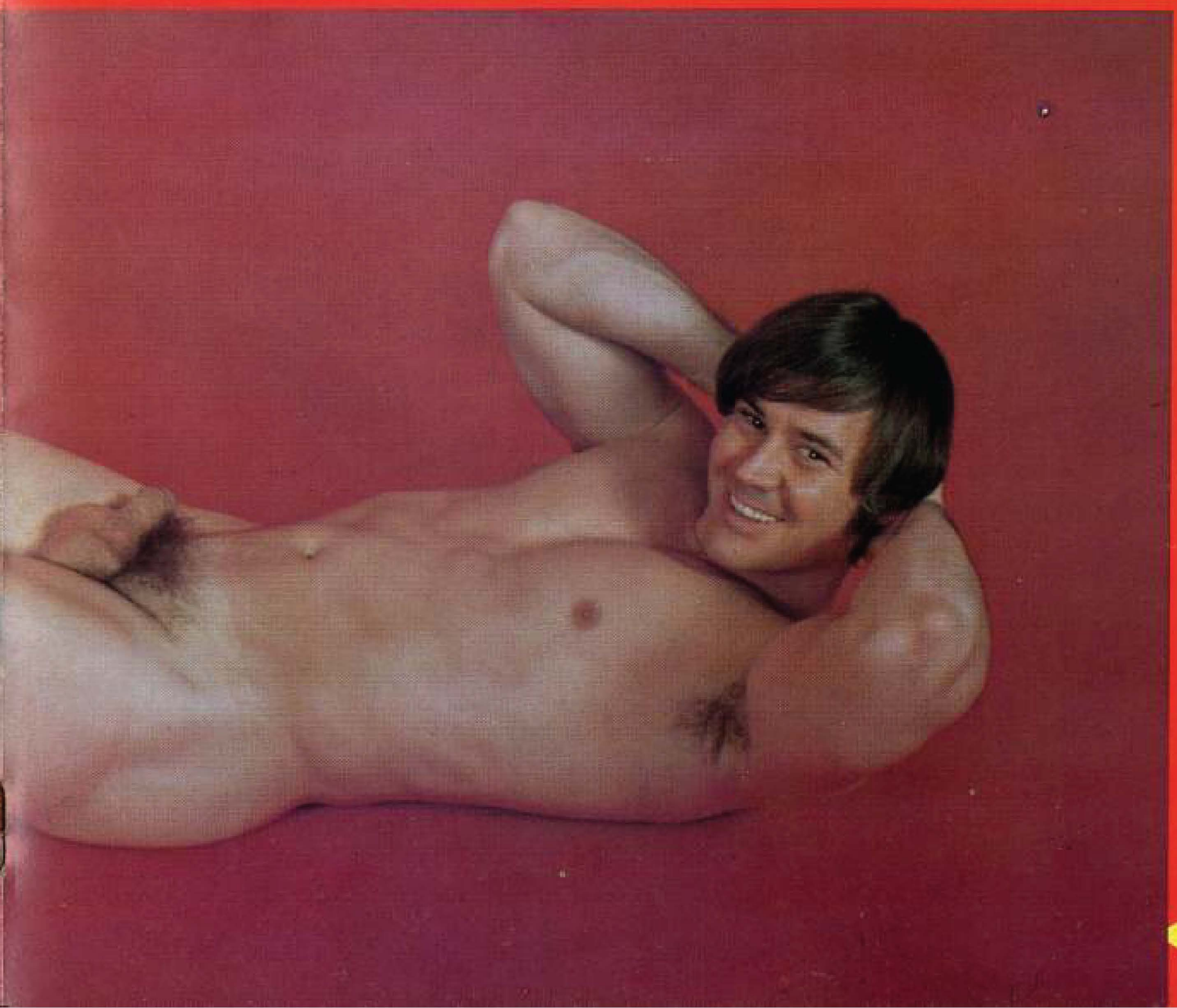
Weekends often find Paul trekking through the mountains on back-packing expeditions, especially in the spring and fall when the weather is still crisp. When the summer sun is high, Paul spends every available minute on the beach, soaking up the sun's tanning rays and exercising on the sand and in the waves of the cool Pacific.

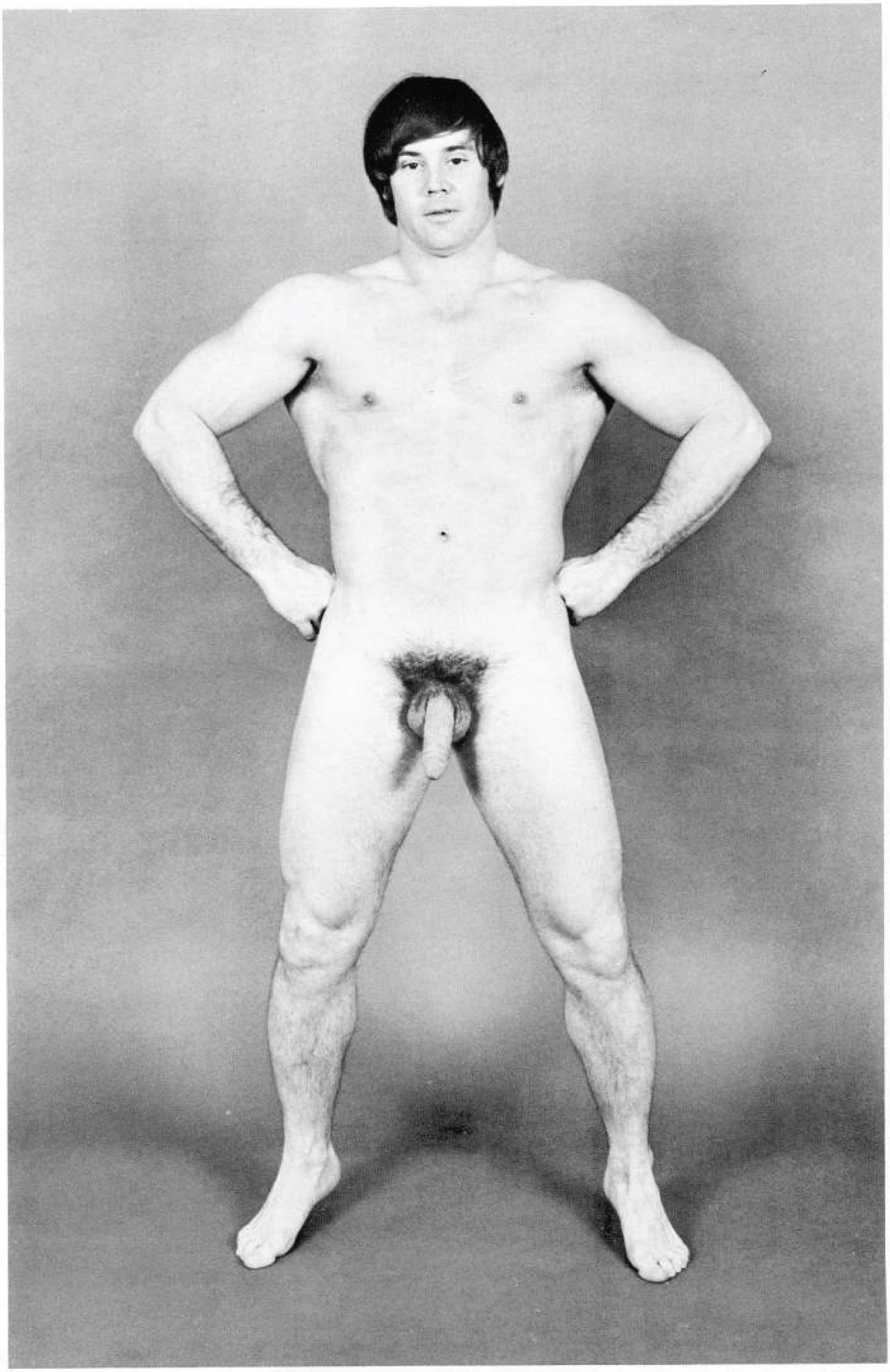


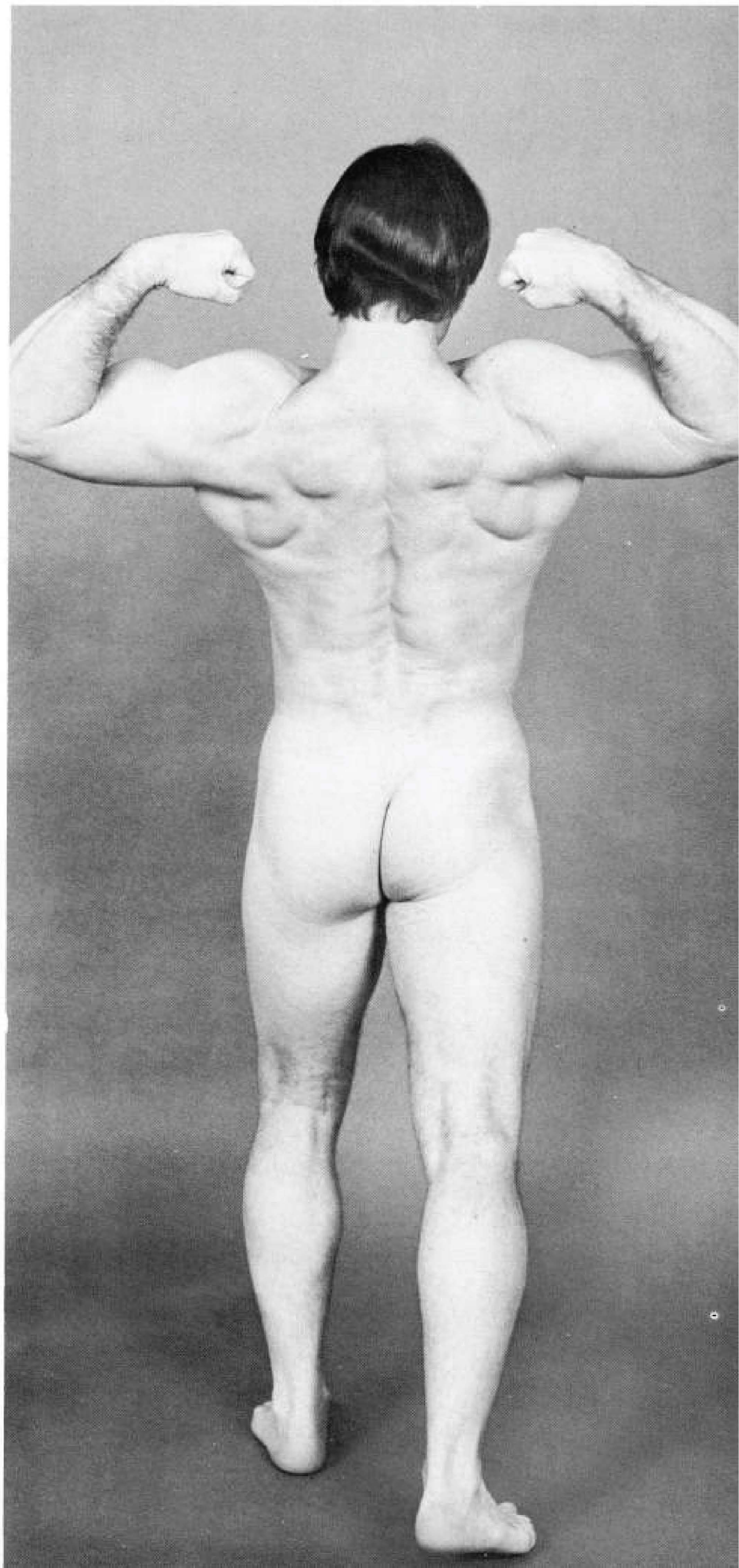


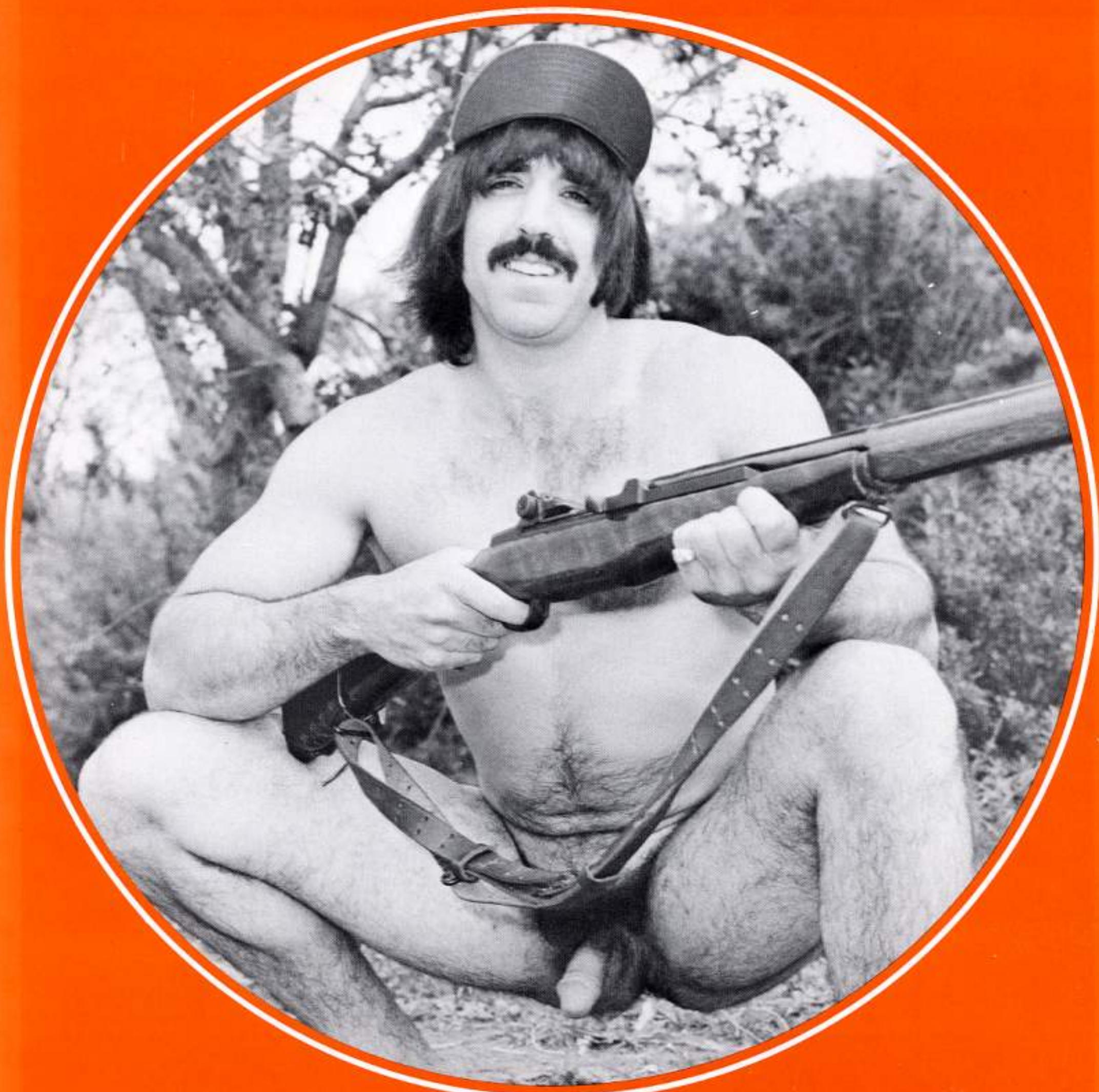










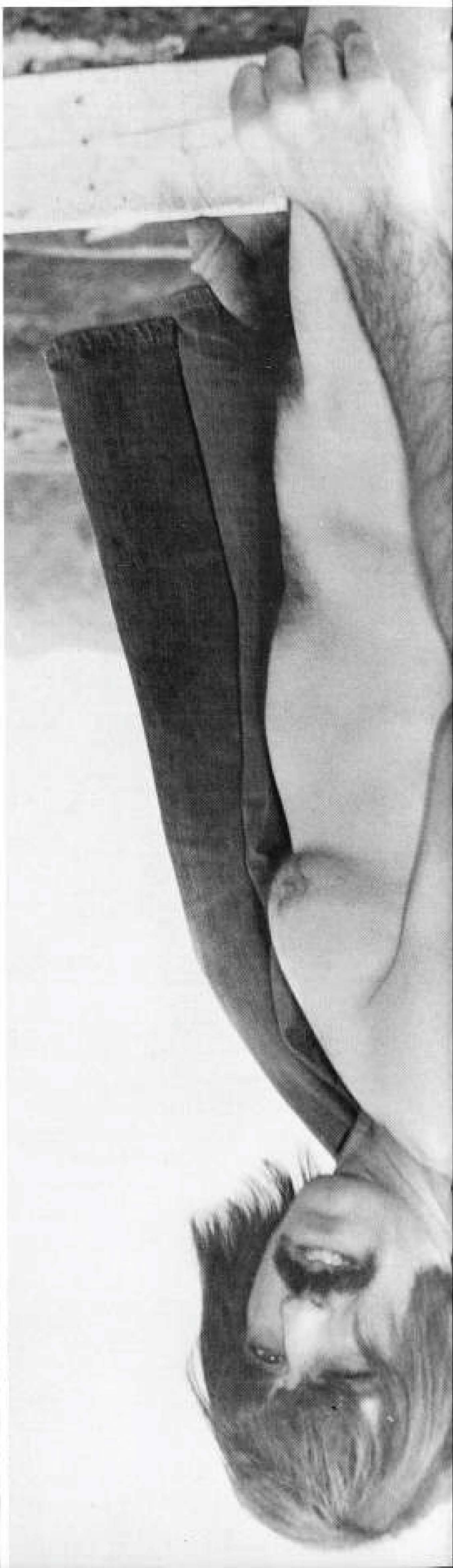


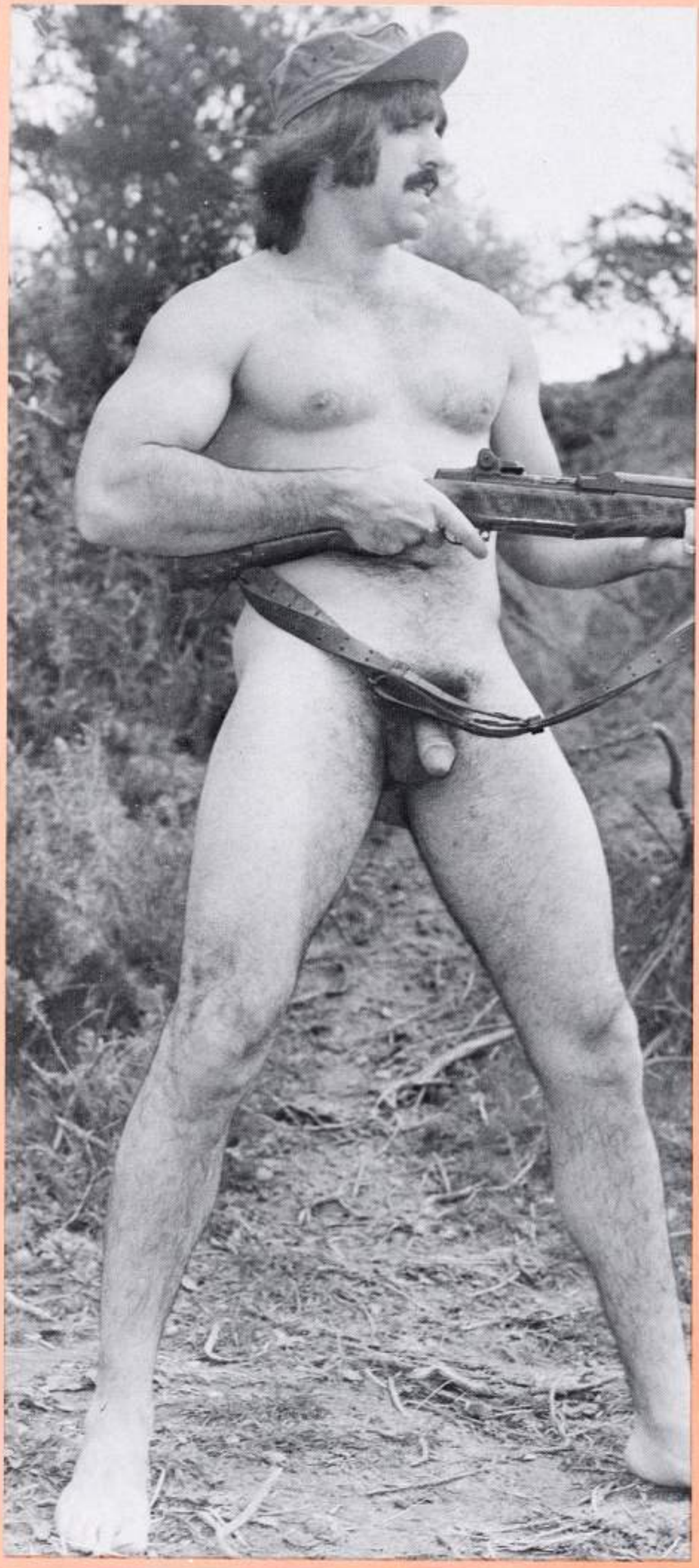
MIKE

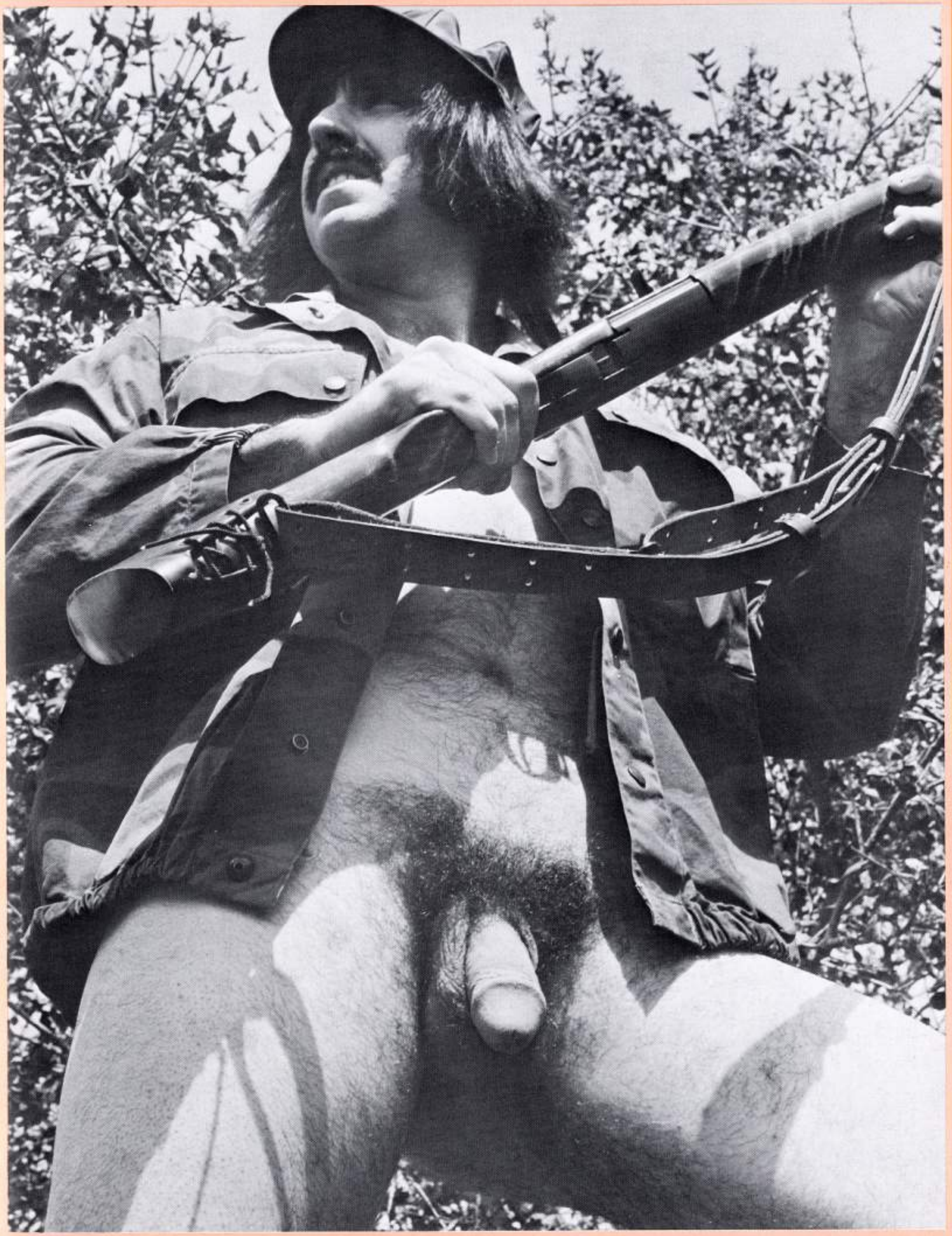
"Man mountain Mike" possesses a formidable physique, standing well over six feet and weighing in at well over 200 pounds. But appearances can be deceiving, and in Mike's case they really are. You would expect a guy like this to be rough, tough and gruff. But Mike is one of the most gentle guys you could ever hope to meet.

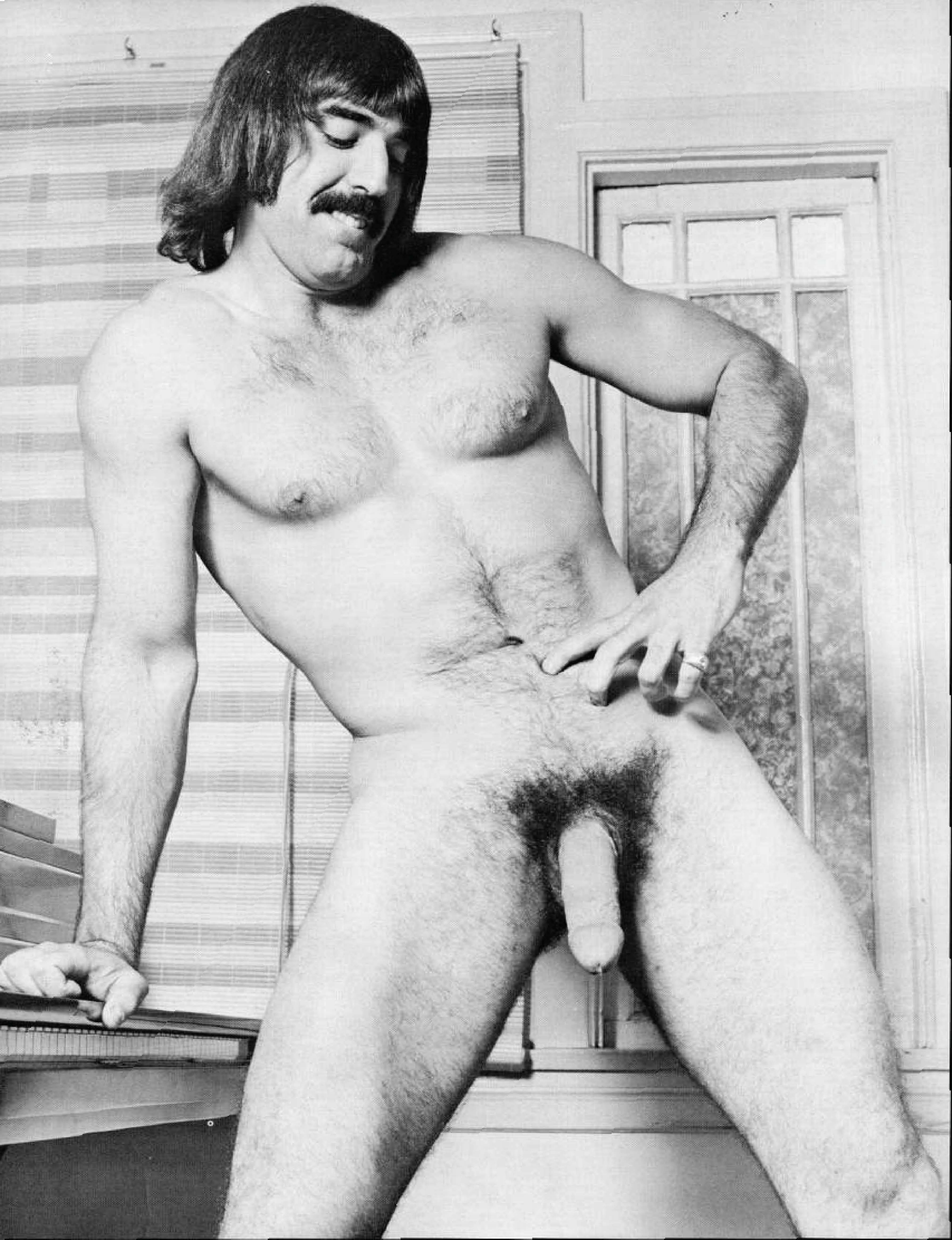
Despite his size he possesses a natural grace that makes him completely at home on the dance floor—his favorite activity after playing the piano, which he does with even more grace and natural talent than he displays on the dance floor.

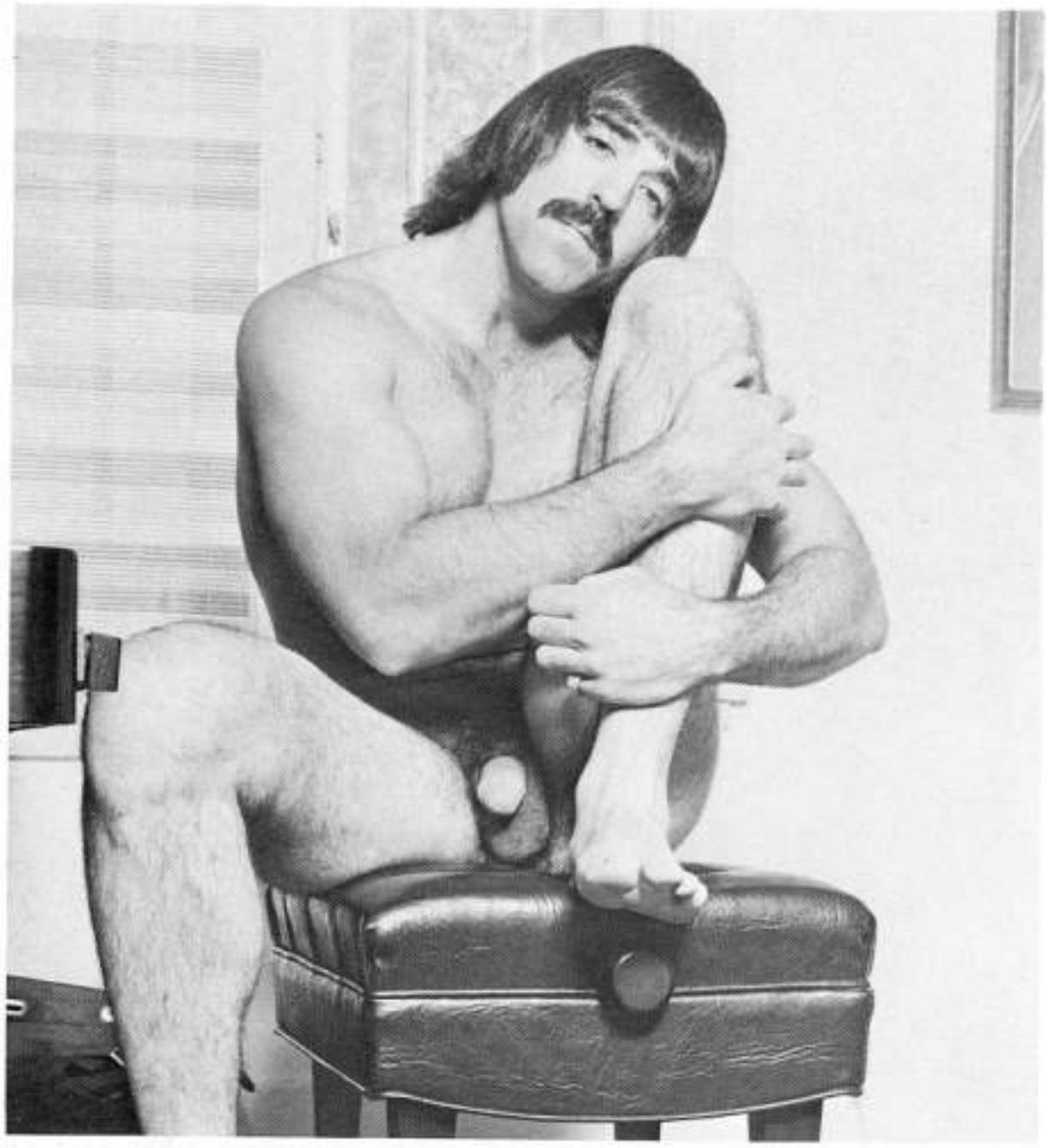
Mike developed his body in the great out of doors, working for several years as a logger in the Northwest. If you ever saw him swing an axe you would know that his ability did not come easily. The life of a lumberjack is not an easy one but it sure does develop muscles. And Mike has them to prove it.

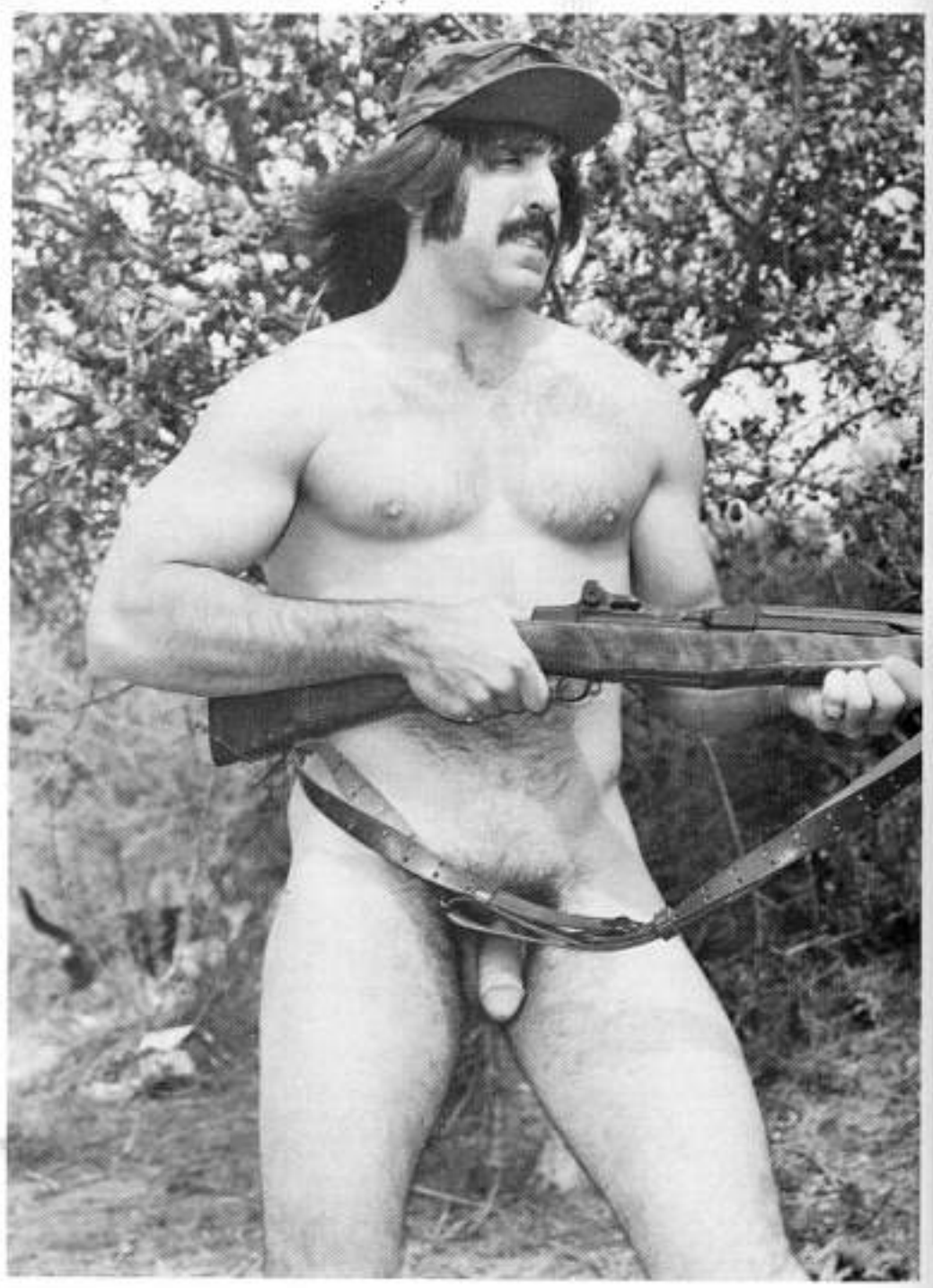




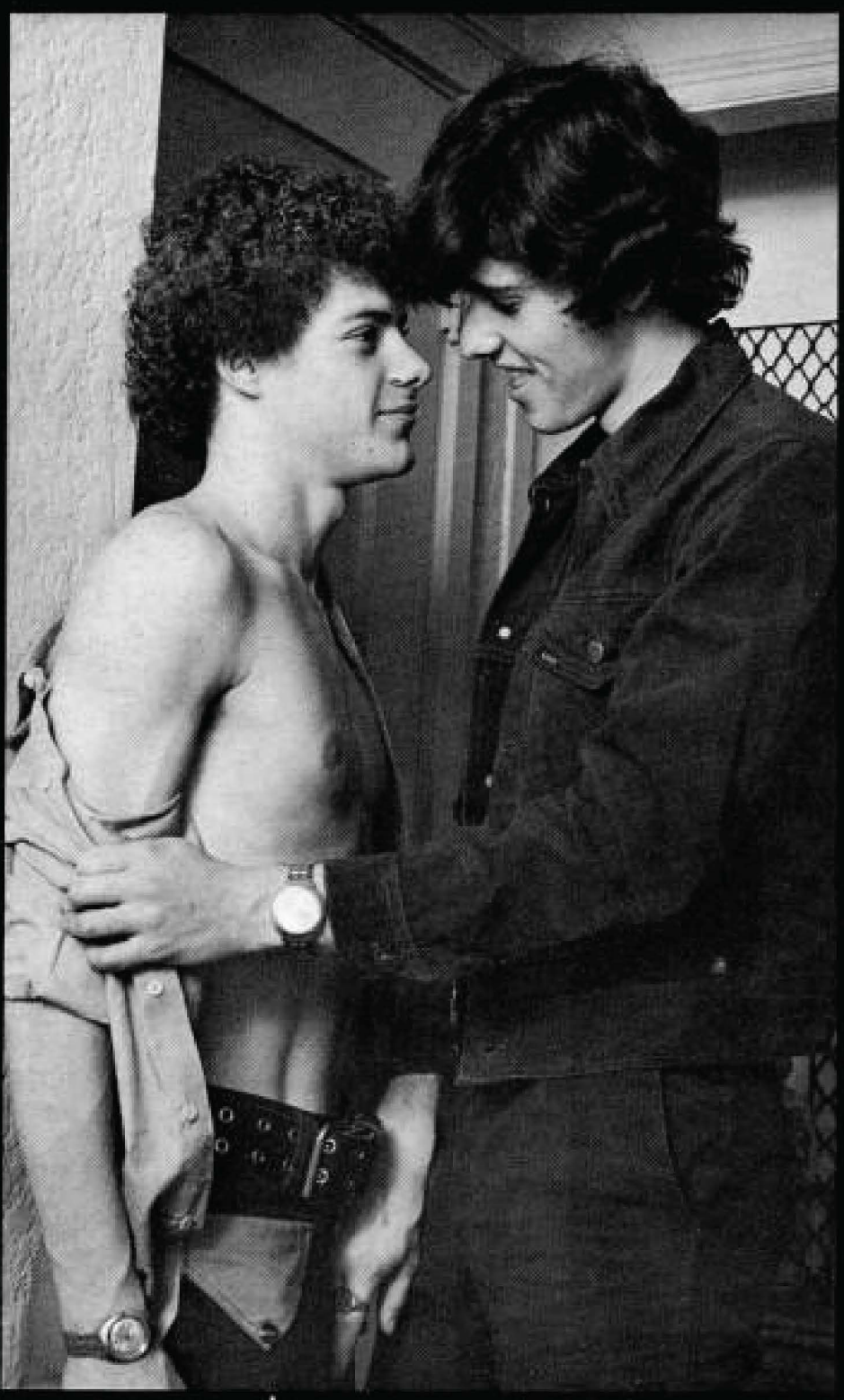


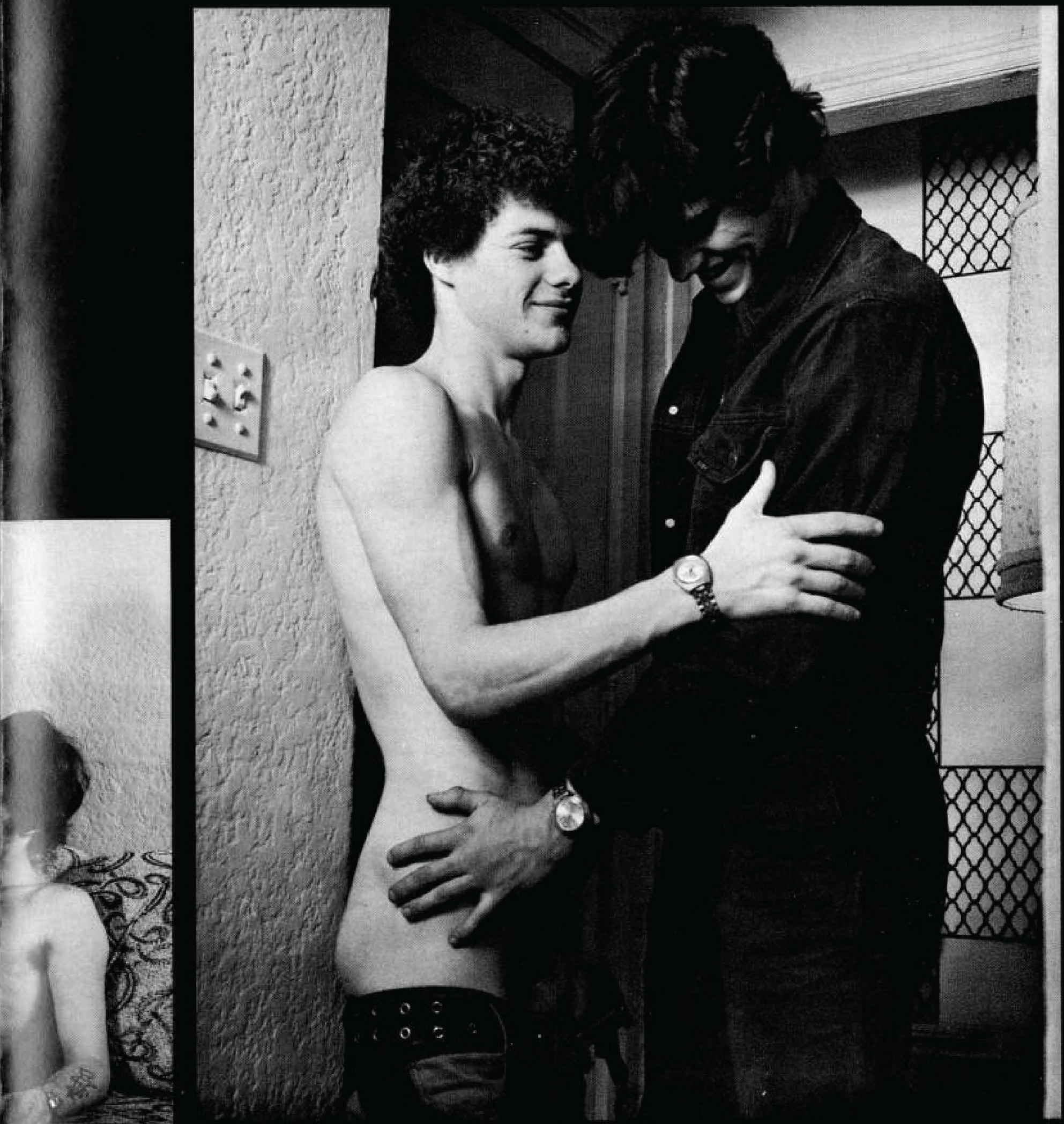






BILL & JIM

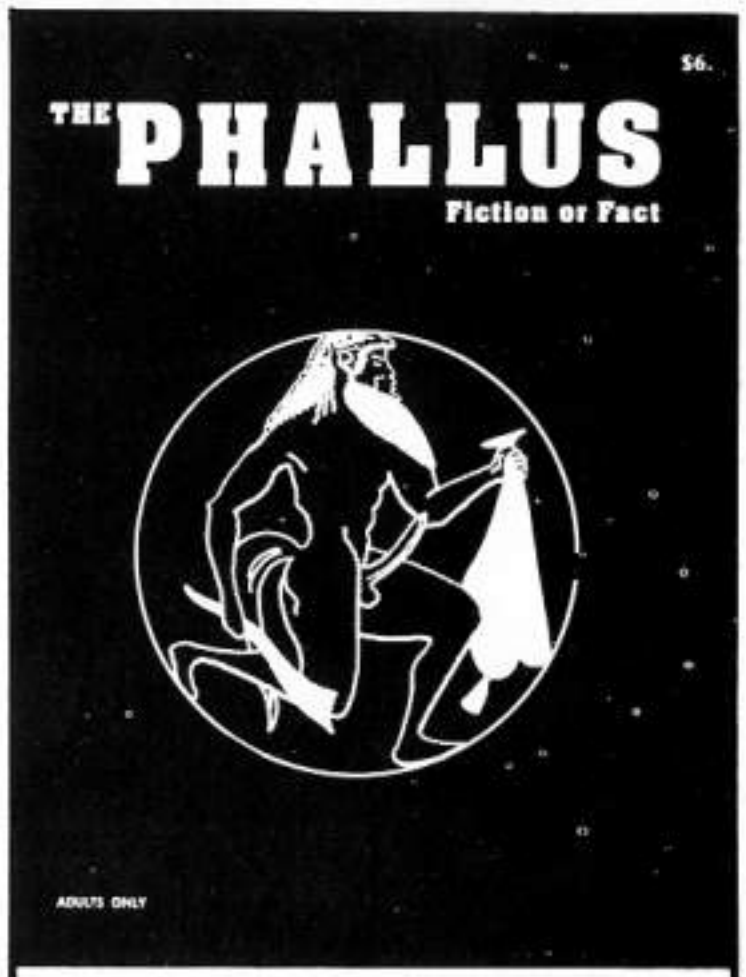




These two young body builders have their own unique exercise system that may take them a bit longer to obtain the muscular bulk and definition of the other models in these pages, but they report they have a lot more fun working out than most guys.

Bill and Jim have arrived at their own exercise system that they say works best in a horizontal position and doesn't require the specialized equipment of a gymnasium. And their exercises can be staged almost anywhere—bedroom, living room, at a secluded beach or by a cool swimming pool.

Although they are both in their teens, those washboard abdominals tend to prove the effectiveness of their "own" exercise system. That they enjoy their methods are evidenced by these photographs. Both are firm, lithe examples of the cream of America's youth.



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